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THE

AIR BALLOON;

OR,

FLYING MORTAL.

A POEM.

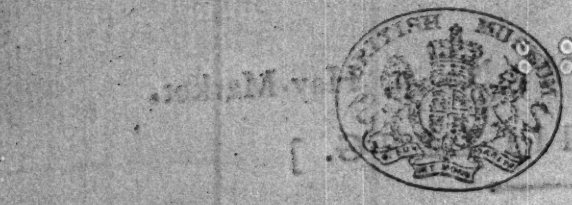
By Mrs Alcock a Sister of Mr Cumberland's

LONDON:

Printed for E. MACKLEW, No. 9, Hay-Market.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

M,DCC,LXXXIV.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little piece, which is ſet to muſic by a favorite French compoſer, and performing in Paris, with great eclat, is now tranſlated into Engliſh, by a friend to mankind, for the benefit of thoſe, who wiſhing to become AERIAL BEINGS, *may have too much ſpirit and ambition to continue a day longer to creep on the earth, like the brute beaſts which periſh.*

N. B. *The* Air Balloon *will be found to be of the greateſt importance to thoſe who wiſh* TO EVADE THE LAWS OF THEIR KING OR COUNTRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE

AIR BALLOON;

OR,

FLYING MORTAL.

NO more of *Phaeton* let Poets tell,
I care not where he drove, nor where he fell;
No more I'll wiſh for fam'd *Aurora*'s car,
To drive me forth, high as the morning ſtar;
In Air Balloon to diſtant realms I go,
" And leave the gazing multitude below."

No more I'll hear of *Venus* and her doves,
Nor *Cupid* flying, with the little Loves;
Nor wou'd I now in *Juno*'s chariot ride
In princely pomp, with peacock by my ſide;
In higher ſtate, in Air Balloon I go,
I'd have the Gods and Goddeſſes to know.

No more in Oriental language fair
I'll read of Genii wafting through the air;
Nor longer will I ſeek (by Perſian wrought)
A carpet, to tranſport me by a thought;
Enough for me, in Air Balloon to go,
And leave th' enquiring multitude below.

No more of *Pegaſus*, (unruly ſteed)
To reach *Parnaſſus'* Mount, ſhall I have need;
Nor will I now the *Muſes* favor court,
To ſhew me *Pindar*'s Hill, their chief reſort;
To theſe fair realms in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the grov'ling multitude below.

No more ſhall *Fancy* now, (bewitching Fair!)
Erect me caſtles, floating in the air;
Such vague, ſuch feeble ſtructures I deſpiſe,
I'll kick them down as I aſcend the ſkies;
For higher far in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the wond'ring multitude below.

No longer, now, at diſtance need I try
To trace each planet with perſpective eye;
Nor longer wiſh, with fairies from afar,
To ſlide me gently down, on falling ſtar;
For up or down with equal eaſe I ſteer,
And view with naked eye the ſplendid ſphere.

Alas poor *Newton!* late for learning fam'd,
No more ſhall thy reſearches e're be nam'd;
For greater *Newtons*, now, each day ſhall ſoar,
High up to Heaven, and new worlds explore;
Since ſwift, in Air Balloons, aloft we go,
And leave the ſtupid multitude below.

No more the terrors of the deep I fear;
Alike to me, if friend be far or near;
This ſea-girt Iſle I diſtant leave behind,
Viſit each kingdom and ſurvey mankind;
For now with eaſe in Air Balloon I ride,
No more compell'd to wait for wind or tide.

Hail, happy lovers! late by diſtance curſt,
(Of all the worldly tortures ſure the worſt)
No more condemn'd an abſence to deplore,
And, ſighing, breathe your vows from ſhore to ſhore;
For through the air, ſwift in Balloons ye roll,
" And waft yourſelves from Indies to the pole."

In vain may party rage aſſail mine ear;
If war or peace, alike I'm free from care;
Should plague or peſtilence infect the land,
The pureſt regions are at my command;
Where ſafe from harm, in Air Balloon I go,
And leave the timid multitude below.

No more of judge or jury will I hear,
The laws of land extend not to the air;
Nor bailiff now, my ſpirits can affright,
For up I mount, and ſoon am out of ſight;
Thus ſcreen'd from juſtice, in Balloon I go,
And leave the ſenſeleſs multitude below.

How few the worldly evils now I dread,
No more confin'd this narrow earth to tread:
Should fire, or water, ſpread deſtruction drear,
Or earth-quake ſhake this ſublunary ſphere,
In Air Balloon to diſtant realms I'd fly,
And leave the creeping world, to ſink and dye.

11.7.49

THE END,

How few the worldly evils now I dread,
No more confin'd this narrow earth to tread:
Should fire, or water, spread destruction dear,
Or earth-quake shake this fublunary sphere,
In Air Balloon to distant realms I'd fly,
And leave the creeping world, to sink and dye.

THE END.